

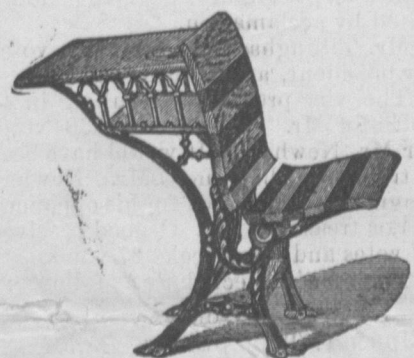
We are printing Manual Alphabet Visiting or Calling Cards, of the best quality, cheaper than any publishing office in America. Your name neatly printed on the reverse side, in stylish type, and the cards sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price, to any part of the United States and Canada.

PRICE LIST:

50 Cards with name, 25 cents.
100 " " 50 "

BAKER, PRATT & CO.,

NO. 19 BOND STREET,
(near Broadway.)
New York.



SCHOOL FURNISHERS,

Booksellers

AND

STATIONERS

Headquarters for

EDUCATIONAL GOODS
of all kinds.

MANUFACTURERS OF THE

Triumph Dovetailed School Furniture,

Blackboards, Liquid Slating,

Globes, Maps, Charts,

etc., etc.

School and Miscellaneous

BOOKS.

School Stationery

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

BAKER, PRATT & CO.,

Manufacturers of School Merchandise,
NO. 19 BOND STREET,
(near Broadway.)
New York.

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME IX.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1880.

NUMBER 37.

POETRY.

For the JOURNAL.

"Only Sister."

A REALITY.

Only sister! by that word
Worlds of thought within are stirred;
Thought that throbs my aching head;
Thought that brings to me the dead.

Only sister! I had three
In the days of childhood's glow,
Till the ruthless monster Death
Breathed on them his pois'ning breath.

Only sister! by that word
Let far sweeter thoughts be stirred;
God to me the three hath given,
One on earth and two in Heaven!

One, a bud of beauty rare,
Opening in this world of care,
Was transplanted quick away
To the realms of endless day!

One in older years with me
Frolicked 'neath the same green tree;
"There alone in sad decay,
She sleeps the silent years away!"

Only sister! by that word
Bitterest thoughts in me are stirred;
Thoughts of cold and marble forms,
'Till of life's all-glowing charms!

Thoughts of sighs and sad farewells,
When the eye its anguish tells;
Thoughts of pall, and grave and bier,
Weeds of woe and falling tear.

W. S. & Co.
SPRINGFIELD, O., August 31, 1880.

STORY TELLER.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

The annals of history record no more atrocious cruelty than was committed during the Sepoy mutiny in India, in 1847. Meerut, Delhi, Lucknow, Cawnpore, Bareilly, Benares, Allahabad and Lahore—these are names which must bring a shudder to all who have read the horrible tales of outrage, massacre and death.

"I started with a missionary and his wife in one of the most flaming days in midsummer," said Albert Anderson, an Englishman, "in the hope that we could make our way across the country to meet General Havelock and his brave soldiers, who were fighting their way foot by foot, in the effort to reach Lucknow in time to save the little garrison, and the women and children who were in such awful peril, from men who were not men but fiends.

"The whole country was seething with rebellion, and chances were ten to one we should be slaughtered by the mutineers before we could cross half the intervening distance.

"We stole along by night, hiding during the day, carefully reconnoitering the ground in front, until we had passed upward of fifty miles, and were confident that no more than half as many lay between us and General Havelock.

"In fact, on the fourth day, while hiding in the jungle, we heard the guns of the General and his brave boys, as they hammered away at the Sepoys, and beat them out of their path.

"This greatly cheered us, and afforded a compass as to the course we should pursue; but, at the same time, the danger was intensified, for the mutineers were constantly increasing in numbers, and we were liable to run against them at any moment.

"The weather was simply infernal, and often we wondered how it was our European soldiers could stand up and fight under it. Poor fellows! there were hundreds stricken down by *coup de soleil*, cholera and other diseases produced by the frightful heat. To us, as we lay panting in the dense, shady jungle, it seemed as if another degree would suffocate us.

"We did not show ourselves out of our concealment during the day, for our enemies were all around us. Often we peered through the shrubbery and saw the swarthy imps, sometimes on foot and sometimes on horse-back, riding back and forth, here and there, in a way which left no doubt that they were hunting for the fugitives.

"Added to the dangers from Sepoys and the hot weather, were the perils from wild beasts and serpents. In that dangerous empire, the jungles are swarming with the most dangerous reptiles and animals on the globe.

"The missionary and myself were armed, as a matter of course, but we were fearful of risking a shot, because it might draw the attention of our enemies upon us, and consequently, we took special pains to avoid all cobras, tigers and like foes.

"We had reached the point named, and were grouped together talking in low tones, and listening to the faint boom of Havelock's cannon, when Mrs. Heckmyer suddenly looked sharply about her, and began such a spasmodic search for something that her husband and I asked her what she had lost.

"My shawl," she answered. "I do not understand where it can be." We joined her in the hunt, and a few minutes was sufficient to prove that it had been dropped somewhere in our path unnoticed.

"Little need had the lady for such additional protection in that intoler-

able climate; but the shawl was a beautifully ornamented tiger skin of the finest texture, dressed by a native physician to the flexibility of silk. It was very valuable, even in the country of tigers, besides it was highly prized for the reason that it was presented to Mrs. Heckmyer by a loved sister just before her death.

"It was exceedingly tiresome, these long days of waiting in the jungle, and I was glad of an excuse to start back and look for the missing garment. It would afford a relief from the weary monotony.

"The missionary protested against my incurring so great a risk, but I assured him with a laugh, that I had been in the jungle long enough to take care of myself, and I moved stealthily away.

"There was no reason why I should make any blunder. Our hiding place was more secure than usual, and I was traveling backward over ground, that in one sense was familiar.

"In fact, I was so secure in my own confidence that I remember feeling rather pleased at the mishap of Mrs. Heckmyer, inasmuch as it gave me something in the way of diversion.

"I was quite clear in my own mind as to where the shawl had been lost. In threading our way through the jungle, we had reached a plateau some fifty feet in elevation, and over which I was now walking.

"The ascent to this was like climbing the side of a ravine, and we only accomplished it by catching at bushes, clambering over rock, displacing an immense quantity of dirt and expending a vast amount of labor. It must have been there that the shawl was dropped unnoticed.

"This romantic spot was about half a mile from camp, and I made my way back to it with the care of a Sioux Indian trailing an enemy through an American forest. Our footprints were so distinct that I had little difficulty in my retrogression, and I reached the descent at the very point where we had left it.

"If a company of the Sepoys should run across our trail, I reflected with a shudder, and suspecting their identity, they would not have any trouble in running us down.

"However, there was no evidence of danger to distract my attention from the search for the shawl, and carefully approaching the edge of the descent, I looked scrutinizingly downward.

"I knew I should find it here! I exclaimed the next moment, for I had caught a glimpse of the brilliantly beautiful skin beneath some broad-leaved undergrowth, such as is common in Asiatic jungles.

"Immediately I was making my way down the steep descent, jumping, sliding, and catching the branches by way of a brake, until finally I reached the bottom, with a momentum which compelled me to run a rod or so before I was able to check myself.

"I turned as quickly as possible, but could see nothing of the tiger-skin. This I concluded, however, was due to a change in our relative positions, and I moved toward the bush underneath which I had seen it a few minutes before.

"When the spot was reached the tiger skin had vanished.

"There seems to be some magic going on here—"

"A rustling of the leaves attracted my attention, and turning my head, there stood the tiger skin within fifty feet of me! It was alive and bristling with fury. Instead of the shawl it was the terrible creature itself which lay beneath the bush.

"I was surprised, as you may say, to find myself confronted by the most dreadful denizen of the Asiatic jungles, and I stood staring at him, loaded gun in hand, as if I were really undecided as to what to do about it.

"But a tiger never shows indecision at such times, and I have no doubt the animal looked upon me then as his game to a dead certainty.

"There was something horribly fascinating in the appearance of the tiger, with his tail irregularly waving from side to side, his long, white, dagger-like teeth displayed, his huge greenish eyes aflame with passion, while a cavernous growl issued from his vitals.

"During that second or two that we confronted each other, I discovered another thing. The skin or shawl for which I was searching lay on the ground between the tiger and me.

"I speedily recovered from my paralysis and comprehended that if ever there was a call for excellent marksmanship it had now come. If I could shoot and kill the tiger, there was an end to it; if I should miss or only wound him, that would be the end of me. And the worst phase of it all was that, owing to the tenacity of the tiger's life, it is almost impossible to wound him so as to incapacitate him on the instant. He will often tear around and make terrible havoc, when a half dozen balls are in him, and he is mortally wounded.

"All this was well known to me

when I raised my gun and took deliberate aim at the beast. I held my fire until it was evident from the twitching of the muscles and the restless gathering of the legs seen in the cat species, that he was gathering himself for a spring.

"At that instant I pulled the trigger.

"A curious result followed. The ball passed directly through the right eye of the animal and out again in the neighborhood of the ear. The shock at the very instant of leaping, and the sudden blotting out of half his vision, destroyed, for a time his power of co-ordinating.

"I sprang aside the instant after pulling the trigger, but it was useless. The tiger struck six feet from where I stood, and then, instead of following me up, seemed to become wild and bewildered.

"He acted as if he imagined a splinter had been thrust into his eye. He kept flitting his paw against the side of his head, which he also leaned over and rubbed upon the ground in the effort to remove the annoyance.

"I did not leave my remarkable advantage unimproved. This cannon was not likely to continue very long, when the infuriated beast would go for me with a vengeance.

"The nearest tree was a rod distant, and I ran to that. No such desperate climbing was ever witnessed as I displayed for the next few seconds; but I ascended, and perched myself at the highest point that would sustain me.

"Then I stared about and saw what a blunder was committed. I was less than ten feet above the earth, and the trunk was already bending beneath my weight, and within half a dozen yards was another tree, which would have permitted me to climb to double that height and beyond the reach of the brute.

"In my trepidation this important fact was unobserved.

"Perhaps I can still do it," was the thought which instantly tortured me. I made a move to descend, and then checked myself as a perfect tank to pursue.

"The proper thing was to reload my gun on the instant, and I proceeded to do so without further delay, almost rendering myself cross-eyed in the effort to keep one eye upon my weapon and the other upon the tiger.

"The latter's antics were almost indescribable. He darted here and there, back and forth, toward every point of the compass, rubbing the wounded side of his head against the ground, whisked it with his paw, growled, snarled, and raised himself on his hind legs, and then suddenly became still, and stared around him.

"He was searching for me and my gun was only half loaded.

"Would he look upward? was the question which instantly thrilled me. I stopped reloading my rifle for fear the movement and slight noise would attract his attention to me; but it will be remembered that I was some distance off, and my elevation was unimportant, and the angle of vision was so slight that if he gazed in my direction and simply along the ground, he could not fail to see me.

"Such proved to be the case.

"All at once he desisted, and trotted straight towards the tree. Reaching the proper point, he made one of his tremendous bounds, and I closed my eyes, with a prayer to heaven, sure that my last moment had come.

"But that distortion of vision caused him to miss the tree altogether, and he struck the ground upon the other side with a dull thump, without having grazed me. There he paused and looked up, puzzled and growling. I improved this respite to finish my reloading, and before he stirred from the spot, I gave him a second charge, which finished him.

"I then descended, picked up the shawl, and returned to my friends. Three days later, we made our way into Havelock's line and were safe."

Proud hearts and lofty mountains are always barren.

Search others for their virtues and thyself for thy vices.—Fuller.

Industry need not wish, and he who lives upon hope will die fasting.

One cannot always be a hero, but one can always be a man.—Goethe.

An ounce of conviction is worth a pound of concern.

He is not only idle who does nothing, but he is idle who might be better employed.—Socrates.

Let him who regrets the loss of time, make a proper use of that which is to come in future.

That was a good prayer of the old deacon: "Lord, make us willing to run on little errands for thee."

Happiness is like a sunbeam, which the least shadow intercepts, while adversity is often as the rain of spring.

TAKEN BY STORM.

"Mademoiselle, we are obliged to ask your hospitality. Believe me, we will encroach upon it as little as possible."

The speaker, a young Prussian officer in full uniform, bent low before the beautiful girl whom he addressed.

But Marie Moreau saw neither the courtesy grace of manner, nor noted the young, handsome face and form. She only knew that the enemy of her country stood before her; that the tri-color of France had been dragged down from its standard where it had floated protectively over the little French town, and the hated banner of Prussia put in its stead; that the very privacy of their hearths and homes had been intruded upon—in many instances, ruthlessly—and that the man before her was but a representative of all that the disaster detailed.

"Sir," she answered, her lip curling in undisguised scorn as she spoke, "we are women, and defenceless. It fits you well that you should make a pretense in asking through courtesy, that which you have already obtained through force. The only request we can make of our guests"—emphasizing the latter with supreme irony—"is that we may be permitted to see as little of them as possible.

Unless your regretful consideration demands all the house, leave us any portion, however small, that shall be ours, not only in word but in deed."

"Mademoiselle, your wishes are commands," answered the young officer, though a flush had risen to his cheek at her hot words of scorn. "My advice to you would be to take the upper floor, where there would be no excuse of intrusion upon you. I wish most earnestly that I might withdraw my men from the house, but it is impossible. The town is small, and the troops are many. They are quartered everywhere, and even should I withdraw them, you might be subjected to fresh annoyance, from which it will be my earnest endeavor to shield you. Permit me, Mademoiselle, to command my services, and to report to me any incivility which you may encounter."

So speaking, he placed on the table before her a slip of pasteboard, and making a low bow, withdrew.

The girl made no motion toward it, not even bending the haughty little head in recognition of his courtesy.

"Really, Marie," said her aunt, stretching out her hand for the card, the young man was very polite. It would have been better policy, my dear, had your manner not been so repellent."

"Repellent," exclaimed the young girl, rising from her seat in her excitement, and pacing up and down the room. "I wish I could have crushed him with my scorn. Does he not know that a true Frenchwoman will bear any insult rather than the humiliation of Prussian magnanimity? I hate him! I hate him! How shall I ever draw a free breath, knowing that they live on the same air that sustains me! Ah! France, be patient, it is but for a little longer."

"Hugh Van Trenck," read the elder lady, from the card. "We must not lose this. The young man may really be of future service to us."

"Aunt, how can you? Give me the card, or tear it up yourself. Do you think I could ask a favor at his hands—aye, or accept one? Never, never!" and the bright eyes flashed.

But Madame quietly slipped the piece of pasteboard within the reticule she wore at her belt, determining, if necessary, to take the young officer at his word.

Madame will pardon a stranger's interference, but I must beg that neither she nor Mademoiselle venture into the streets to-day. The soldiers are in a state of revelry and riot, which might subject them to insult. Any commands I should be happy to fulfill. Respectfully,

HUGH VON TRENCK.

Madame Moreau, some three days later, read aloud the above card just slipped beneath the door.

Her niece stood before the glass, trying on her hat and listening, with curling lips.

"You see, Marie," she said glancing up from the writing, "you must not go out. It would be rash madness."

But Marie only picked up her veil and began adjusting it across her pretty face.

"Marie, do you hear me?"

"Yes, aunt," she answered, "but inasmuch as I am very hungry, and there is nothing in the house to eat, I think it rather a matter of necessity than of choice. Besides, I would have rather be openly insulted than have Hugh Von Trenck's magnanimous interference. Have no fear, auntie, I am quite able to take care of myself."

And in spite of the elder lady's entreaties, and with a good-by kiss, and a reassuring smile she was gone.

But the smile faded as she stood a moment on the threshold of the outside door, and glanced up and down the street, filled with soldiers. The color in her cheek paled to whiteness, and her heart beat loud and fast.

She almost determined to turn back, when some one, standing at her elbow, said in tones so earnest as to be nearly harsh: "Did your aunt not receive my warning?" It was Hugh Von Trenck who spoke.

"Are you in authority in this house, sir, over all its inmates?" she questioned. "If we are prisoners, let us know it. You can then enforce your wishes."

"You do me injustice Mademoiselle," he replied, in low, thrilling tones. "I beg you for your own sake, not for mine, not to venture out this morning."

"Your prayers and commands are all alike to me, sir," she retorted.

The next moment she had gained the street, fear forgotten in her indignant anger. With quick step she hastened in the necessary direction. Beyond a rude stare of admiration she was unmolested, and her few purchases were effected.

She started to return when coming immediately toward her, extending from the curb to the wall, was a line of Prussian soldiers, arm linked in arm, their steps unsteady from liquor, and their voices raised in laughter and song. What should she do? She feared to turn and flee, lest they should pursue her. Perhaps by hiding her tremor and walking boldly on they might make room for her to pass.

Hugh Von Trenck's hated advice rang in her ears. She should hate him trebly if it is proved unnecessary. But now all the soldiers eyes were turned upon her, as they stood, an impassable phalanx, barring her way.

"Pay us toll, my pretty little Française," said one fastening his coarse gaze upon her.

"Yes; pay us toll," the other echoed. "A kiss apiece!"

Concealing the awful sinking at her heart, she strove to pass them by stepping down from the curb; but the outside man and first sneaker threw out "No, no!" he said, in freezing tones. "You are our prisoner, and we let you off easy. Pay us willingly and we will prove good as our word. Drive us to force and we will help ourselves."

To scream would be to gather round her fresh tormentors, so she struggled to appear calm.

"Let me pass," she said, in low, indignant tones, when without deigning further parley, the first speaker threw his arm about her waist.

She felt his tainted breath upon her cheek. Oh, God! must her lips be polluted by his touch?

With sudden strength she wrenched herself from his grasp, the brutal laugh of the others jeering on her ears.

A scream, loud and long, burst from her lips, followed by another, as her persecutor again approached, when as if by magic, some one darted in between them and felled the ruffin to the earth.

The others, bold with drink, murmured angrily, but a gleaming pistol soon silenced them, even as they recognized their young colonel, and respectfully moved away.

Calling a guard, he put the man he held under his heel in arrest, then turned and offered his arm to the trembling girl.

She saw, then, for the first time, that it was Hugh Von Trenck who had saved her. Haughtily refusing his arm, hating herself, hating him more, she walked on in silence by his side. At her door she forced herself to speak: "Sir, I owe you my thanks," she said.

"Mademoiselle, the day will come when you will pay my debt in full," he replied and left her.

What did he mean? His words, the man himself, haunted her. How nobly he had come to her relief! How generously he had uttered no word of reproach, or of the truth that she had brought it all on herself. If he had not been a Prussian, she might almost have liked him. As it was, she got no further than this. She broke down in a storm of tears.

A week later the troops, all but a small reserve, were ordered out for a sortie. Paris had long been in siege and must soon capitulate.

With all her heart Mary prayed night and day for success to her flag already doomed. That her cause could be lost seemed to her impossible.

Now and then the winds bore to her the boom of cannon. They were fighting not far off, and among them was the man she had treated with disdainful contempt.

Could it be that she thought of him at such a time?

The third day the fighting ceased—the Prussians were again victorious; but all night long they were bringing back the dead and the wounded to the little town.

It was just daybreak when a squad of soldiers halted at her door. She had not dreamed of undressing during

the long night. A nameless dread had tortured her. She knew in this moment what it was, as she herself went down and threw open the door to receive the pale, senseless form they bore.

"This way!" said she with quiet dignity, and led the way to her own room and her own bed.

He had told her she should repay her debt. Could he have foreseen this day? Would he ever know what she had done for him?

For weeks his life hung in the balance; but one night he opened his gray eyes to consciousness, and they rested on the solitary figure at his side. Her aunt, weary had gone to rest. A smile broke over the white, thin face.

"You here, Mademoiselle?" he said.

"Yes," she answered, "I am here."

He held out his wasted hand, and she silently placed hers within it. Then, still with a smile upon his lips, he fell asleep; but from that moment the tide had turned, and life had gained the victory.

He was almost well again, when one day came the tidings of the fall of Paris, and on the same day, by the fatality of fate, came to him the news of his promotion to a general's rank.

"Ah, Mademoiselle," he said, "I cannot rejoice while you weep. I once said you should pay your debt. I little imagined how you should pay it. I meant then the day would come when you should love and marry me. I had loved you from the first moment my eyes rested on you, in spite of your scorn and contempt. But now you have paid your debt in your own way. You have given me back my life. I will no longer torture you by my presence. I will go away and leave you."

And he turned his head that she might not see the moisture in his eyes.

But softly she stole to his side, and kneeling down, nestled her head on his arm.

"If I say stay, Hugh, then will you go?"

"My love—my darling? do you mock me? Oh, this is cruel!"

"Nay, Hugh; I am like my own poor Paris," she replied. "The siege has been a long one, but she and I, I fear, have alike been 'Taken by Storm.'"

Elmira What Nots.

Autumn!
Cool weather.
Plenty of rain.
Summer is almost gone.
Fruits are more than plenty this year.

"Mignon's" words are more non-sensical than Mark Twain's.

Mr. C. N. Brainerd is spending a vacation in this city with his cousin, here.

William Wallace, a deaf-mute of Indianapolis, is a peddler loafing about here, running into debt and drinking liquor. We heard that he snatched a silver fifty-cent piece from an uneducated deaf and dumb boot black, by the name of Appleton, and pretended to search for it. He said he would pay Appleton back as soon as he got the money, but Appleton demanded it instantly, upon which, in a rage, Wallace struck him a violent blow on the nose and made off with the money. Wallace has a bad reputation, and owes considerable for board, lodging, etc.

On Saturday of last week, Gus Christ and myself rowed up the Chemung River in my boat, "Mystic," which was loaded with canvas, hammock, blankets and some baskets

Correspondence.

DEPARTURE OF MR. FAY AND FAMILY—JOTTINGS IN AND ABOUT THE INSTITUTION—RANDOM NOTES ON THE CONVENTION.

Superintendent Fay and family took their final leave of the Institution Wednesday noon. Quite a number of their friends accompanied them to the depot to see them off. The parting was a sad one, indeed, and tears fell copiously from the eyes of those who had gathered in the depot to bid them adieu.

Mr. Fay went direct to Hartford, while Mrs. Fay and children accompanied him as far as Newark, from which place they go to Massillon to remain a week or so, or until Mr. Fay can secure a house and put it in order for his family.

They will be much missed here, especially Mrs. Fay, who, since she came to the Institution, has ever exercised a motherly care over the pupils, and to her one could often see the little ones coming with their complaints or troubles and were sure to come away consoled. Nor was her interest in the mutes alone confined to the Institution household. The mute families residing in the city, in sickness or trouble, were sure to receive her attention and aid whenever called upon. In fact, it was her delight to assist the afflicted and distressed, and in leaving Columbus, those whom she has aided, will miss a true friend indeed.

The best wishes of their friends here, accompany Mr. and Mrs. Fay to their new home.

Mr. Patterson and ourself arrived from Cincinnati a few moments before Mr. Fay and family left, and were among those at the depot to bid them good bye. It is Superintendent Charles S. Perry, now.

Mr. M. G. Raffington arrived last week from Jamaica, where he had been since the beginning of vacation. The ship he was in was caught in the hurricane that visited the Island the later part of last month and caused such destruction of property. He says three or four of the life-saving boats of the ship he was in were carried away, and for a time, it looked as if the ship would be torn to pieces. It was simply awful.

Prof. Atwood, of the Beverly Mute School, and Mr. Hays, Editor of the West Virginia Tablet, arrived at the Institution the present week. Miss Woolf, one of the lady teachers, has been here a week or more.

The State Fair was in progress this week, and as a consequence, quite a number of mutes have been at the Institution. Among them Mr. and Mrs. George Fancher, Alonzo King, Hubbell Johnson, L. Badelle, Maggie Davis, and also some who will attend school the present term.

Eddie Hoyeross is back from Girard, where he has been employed for a month or more on the farm of Mr. John T. Barnhisel.

All but two of the male mutes employed in the State Bindery the present vacation, were discharged on the 1st inst., there not being sufficient funds in the treasury to the account of the bindery, to warrant their keeping, though there is plenty of work on hand. Some have gone down to the coal fields, some to farming, and those who will return to school at the opening of the term, are taking a vacation.

Mr. Edward Scott, Foreman-elect of the printing office, arrived in the city the present week, and is at work putting the office in order. A larger number of pupils than ever will, no doubt, find employment in this department of the Institution's trade, and if it is properly conducted and plenty of work on hand, we see no reason why it should not reach a higher standard than in the past.

In point of numbers, ability, and, in fact, every thing, the Convention must be set down as a success.

There was too much time wasted on trifling questions at the opening of the Convention, and as a consequence, some of those who had important papers to present, were compelled near the close, to either read them to a slim audience or allow them to go over. However, we will see 'em all in pamphlet form ere long, and those who grumbled on being slighted, according to their notion, will get satisfaction.

President McGregor handled the Convention in fine style, and it is fortunate his services were secured.

Messrs. Booth and Hoagland were probably the oldest deaf-mutes present, both having reached their three score and ten. The youngest we did not care to find out, but might give the palm to Mr. and Mrs. George's son.

We expected to meet more of the JOURNAL's correspondents at the Convention than we did, and were sorry so few were present. Must have been something wrong.

There were more of the fair sex in attendance than we anticipated seeing, in fact, they composed nearly half of the members of the Convention. How will it be three years hence.

We heard of no complaints against the place of meeting. The location was just beautiful, and every body liked it. A hall down in the city at \$25 a day, would not have been near so nice or convenient.

"Mignon" was there, so was "Lester Montrose," ditto "We, Us & Co.," but whether the first named was dis-

appointed in her expectations, we leave for her to say.

Mr. George's paper was bold and fearless, and he delivered it in a manner not to be misunderstood.

We observed five editors of the deaf-mute press at the Convention. Mr. Read, of the Advance, the oldest in service, was the funniest; Mr. Hodgson, of the JOURNAL, the most reserved; Mr. George, of the Letter, the most determined and thoughtful looking; Mr. Gallagher, of the Letter, the tallest of 'em all, and Mr. Hays, of the West Virginia Tablet, the most refined in manners.

The Convention was honored on the second day with the presence of Principal Gudge, of the North Carolina Institution; Principal Dudley, and Mrs. Dudley, Matron of the Kentucky Institution.

It was amusing to see visitors tip-toeing through the hall during the sessions of the Convention. Evidently they were fearful of disturbing the proceedings.

Many of those here who intended to be at the Convention, but at the last moment, backed out; regretted sincerely that they did not go, upon hearing the glowing accounts given by those who were there. We could count a dozen who have already signified their intention of attending the Convention three years hence, in New York. Look out for a big crowd of Buckeye braves in your midst at that time.

The Cincinnati newspapers had hired reporters from among the members of the Convention, to write up the proceedings for their columns.

Mr. Carraway, of Mississippi, fought nobly for the ladies in his scheme, to establish a college for them, but his endeavors were like "casting pearls before swine." When he dies, the ladies should erect a monument over his grave with this simple inscription on it, "He worked for our rights."

The National College was well represented at the Convention. We counted over a dozen members.

9-4-80.

Convention Jottings.

The first National Convention was a complete success in every respect. Peace and harmony ruled the hour, thanks to the wise management of Prof. McGregor. Didn't I tell you it would be so?

Such a large gathering of the wisest and best of deaf-mutes was never held anywhere before. Among those present were many whose names were familiar to us, but whose faces were strange until we met. A meeting of the intelligence of the country was a happy thing. Henceforth, a closer bond of union will stretch from the West to the East, and from the South to the North.

It is estimated that, counting those who came one day and went away the next, there were between 250 and 300 mutes attending the Convention. A goodly number for the first time, certainly.

Two Principals honored the Convention with their presence—Prof. Gudge, of North Carolina, and Prof. Dudley, of Kentucky, a genial, pleasant appearing gentleman.

Boss "Vance" and his pal, the "Tramp of the Improved Order," showed themselves on the occasion, but evidently knew their proper places well enough to keep themselves from the notice of the Convention. The Tramp's biographer was eagerly looked for, but "Lord Roscoe" was too busy at his office to attend the Convention.

The invitation of the Y. M. C. A., of Cincinnati, to the National Convention to inspect their rooms during the session in the city, was a very gratifying token of the friendship and goodwill of the citizens. Who will say after this, that deaf-mute Conventions are of no use? When people see that deaf-mutes are enterprising and ambitious to rise above their condition, they will lend a helping hand to them. It is in this way, that they can command the respect first and afterward the confidence of the rest of the world. There is not the least doubt but that this National Convention has raised our class considerably in the opinion of other classes, as was proved by the interest taken in our Convention, not only by the papers of Cincinnati, but also by those of Chicago and New York, which published full reports of its proceedings, day by day. This is as it should be.

This Convention will give Prof. McGregor an immense "lift" in the estimation of the people of Cincinnati, so that when he again starts his favorite project of establishing a branch Institution, it will meet with a more willing ear. The city papers, especially the Gazette, in its head lines gave him a handsome mention.

It was certainly a creditable thing to our class, when Messrs. Hodgson, Fox, Greener and Patterson were hired by the leading city papers to write a report of each day's proceedings for them. And what was more, the editors of each paper expressed themselves as satisfied with the work done by them. Messrs. Hodgson and Fox wrote for the Star Times, reports that were remarkably pithy and to the point, considering the scanty allowance of time at their disposal. Those of Profs. Greener and Patterson, in the Enquirer, were gotten up in good style, containing, besides the details of the days' proceedings, short personal mention of the prominent mutes and other news which must have been of interest to the public at large.

The baby delegate from Chicago, Master George, was called upon for a

speech, but it pleaded extreme fatigue, being fast asleep in the arms of its mother.

Prof. Atwood's appointment on the National Executive Committee to represent Arkansas, at the special request of the mutes of that State, was a token of the high respect in which his abilities are held by those who know him the best, and the important part which he took in the Convention is a proof that this confidence was not undeserved.

In a recent number of the JOURNAL, some one, presumably a daughter of Eve, asked that the name of the lady who might reign a belle at the Convention, should be published in the JOURNAL, together with the name of the State from which she hails. Ohio may be said to have borne off the palm for beauty, one of her fairest daughters, Mollie E. Mann, of Cincinnati, by the almost unanimous consent of the gentlemen being crowned the queen, who held all masculine hearts in captive thrall by a glance of her eye.

"Those eyes! those eyes! O, maiden, turn those eyes away! My best ambition fades and dies Beneath their gentle sway. I list not Fame's loud trumpet call, But idly sit and linger still, From idle night to idle day, Of those deep eyes and thy sweet will."

"Those eyes! those eyes! While haunted by their lustrous gleam, I care not to be great or wise, And life seems like a dream. The golden hour, unmoted fly, From idle night to idle day, My books and my pen neglected lie— O, maiden, turn those eyes away!"

Where was Miss Angie A. Fuller at the time of the National Convention? If any mute, so well and favorably known, ought to have been there, it was Miss Fuller. She might have made our first National Convention immortal in her verses. Nothing has pained me so much as to see a lady who might well claim our sympathy, on account of her partial blindness and our respect for the intelligence she has displayed in her writings, so severely criticized for her opinions in print. Although, in reference to her letter advocating a college for mute ladies, I can not wholly agree with her that the money recently appropriated to the National College for a gymnasium, by Congress, should be given to the founding of a college for her sex, she is entitled to great credit for her warm interest in the intellectual progress for those like her. Being a woman, she cannot be expected to understand the very great necessity that exists of physical culture on the part of young men; she can not be expected to know that the foundation of many a robust constitution have been strengthened or weakened in college, according as the possessors had or had not taken regular exercises in the gymnasium. But to blame her for her opinions, is not fair; every one has a right to his or her opinions. We have no right to take others to task for their opinions; we can only criticize the arguments upon which their opinions are based and no more. That letter of "Pat" was rollicking just like the writer—and contained several very good points, though expressed in a humorous vein—but he might have shown a little more respect for a lady so much his senior, and a lady at that. I beg for the sake of decency, that all other replies on the same subject should be confined to the matter on hand, and omit all personal remarks on Miss Fuller.

A question came up for discussion at the Convention, which ought to enter into the considerations of the National Executive Committee, when the Committee draws up a Constitution. It came up in the case of Prof. Chapin, a resident of the District of Columbia, and a teacher in West Virginia. In the appointment of a delegate, from each State represented at the Convention on the National Executive Committee, the District of Columbia was left out in the cold, although there was a delegate from the District present. Some one argued that Prof. E. L. Chapin ought, by right, to have been chosen on the National Committee to represent the District of Columbia, but it was objected to on the ground that Mr. Chapin was a resident of West Virginia, inasmuch as he lived there nine months out of twelve. The fact that he taught in West Va. does not make him a permanent resident of that State, and he could not have been properly said to represent the mutes living there, as he was not of them but only with them. His home is in Washington; there his mother, father, sister, brothers and all his Pianaforte crowd live. There, after his days of teaching are over, he returns to the bosom of his family. There is his domicile and according to International law, where a man's domicile is, there he is a resident. Now, if Mr. Chapin should take unto himself a wife—as it is vaguely whispered he is going to—and settles in West Virginia, the matter is changed, though the principle stated above in regard to a domicile, remains the same, and he becomes a resident of West Virginia.

It would be well for the National Executive Committee to settle this question, whether a man who lives in one State, but does business in another, is entitled to represent that State or the other.

A YOUNG MEMBER.

A Correction.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—In my letter printed in the JOURNAL of August 26th, speaking of Robert King, I am made to say that he secured work in West Jefferson as a hog biter, which is incorrect. What we did write in speaking of him was, that he had ob-

tained work as a hay baler in that place, and in justice to him we make this correction.

COLUMBUS.

Mignon's "Airy Nothings."

"Home, sweet home," Saturday A.M.
"De Gibson am de boss."
"Out of darkness into light."
"Eyes sent out their killing glances manly figure did his part."
"Sick of pleasure (?) we always longed for woe."
Things are not what they seem.

"Men are only boys grown tall, Hearts don't change much, after all,"
"Pleasures are like poppies spread, You seize the flower, its bloom is shed."
"What is glory, what is fame? Namely—the long last echo of a name."

Almost an original Kate Claxton in room 111, second floor.
"Honor to whom honor is due."
That's to Prof. McGregor.

The Gibson's clerks are killing handson e, "Clerk Schnyler," in particular.
The Galt House reception was a grand fizzle.

That man of words, and not of deeds; Was like a garden full of weeds.

We believe "Josephine" vowed eternal felicity before the good-byes were made.

Those turned up noses were so little, and insignificant, we could scarcely see them.

Those Boston eyeglasses and New York dress goods were to all appearances mashed flat.

"There were maiden's fair to see, Maiden's with dimpled charms, Angels now—angels to be, Angels not for mortal arms."

We presume those eastern delegates all reached home in time Sunday to do the agreeable to the girls they left behind them.

"Upon his turned up nose, There sat a fly; At which I laughed, Until I thought I'd die."

That young lady, who came sailing in the Gibson's parlors, with Rev. Turner, Friday eve, must have thought herself the original Mary Anderson. We were sorry "Bella Prettyfair" was not there to see "Lester Montrose" in "Skidmore guards and Irish jig."

"We'll stay at homethis heart and rest, The bird is safest in its nest; Over all that flutter wings and fly, A hawk is hovering in the sky, To stay at home is best."

"We saw "Josephine" and those deeply, beautiful black eyes, in a remote corner, and while we looked at them, they seemed to be repeating or transposing the lines from Faust—

"To the passing hours we say, So beautiful thou art, thy flight delay."

Capt. R. H. King of Lexington, Ky., only remained a day. The beaux were truly glad, and the belles disconsolate.

We were so sorry classmate Samson, could not be with us.

"The days and weeks have glided swiftly by, Since last we met, and years with years to gather speed; And yet through their hands close clasping, we The memory of those school days fondly keep."

The genial countenance of Prof. Dudley, Superintendent of the Kentucky Institution, smiled in on the convention, Thursday.

We had the pleasure of forming the venerable Mr. Booth's acquaintance, and found him to be quite a nice old gentleman.

"Archimedes," and "Hieronymus" were not present, but they sent their love to us. "Allee Samee. No likee. No takee." Now you see us, and now you don't

"Friday eve "M. M." and her charming "H. W."

Tired of crowds, and gay confusion, stole an hour to bill and coo; Side by side their hands close clasping, he then "dearest name the day,"

She enraptured, softly sighing, "who that knows thee could say nay?" In a moment, back a footstep, then a hand flung wide the door,

One of "M. M.'s" cast off suitors gazes on her face once more, "Lester Montrose," cries the maiden, "unexpected pleasure this,"

"Indeed I am so glad you've come," (though she didn't look her bliss) "Lester" answered not her greeting, onward with a single stride,

Past the chair she would have offered, he had reached "H. W.'s" side; Something strange in his demeanor thrilled poor "M. M.'s" heart,

With a sense of bitter parting, but in rain her tears did start.

The late widow of W. W. Angus is now Mrs. Campbell.

"But I think that his abuse was really quite too awful for me to make the matter public that indeed would be bad form."

School opens the 15th at the Indiana Institution. Belle Lowe has been added to the corps of teachers.

We saw some body—

"Lying by a weeping willow, underneath a gentle slope, Lying to a gentle maiden to induce her to elope."

"Elm" asked if we were pretty. Most assuredly no, but were a beauty before we lost our hearing, had curly golden locks, rosy cheeks, etc. People think us stylish now, nothing more, hope you'll like us none the less, and then you know, handsome they who handsome do. We are certainly gay, sometimes thoughtless, and sometimes we plunge into gaiety with a recklessness that amazes people. We can't write poetry, because poets are born, not made, and the fates never were kind to us. Our folks said the reason we have not got a "husband fine" is because we are hard to please, but the fact is we always love where we ain't.

Miss Ida Price, of Brownstown, visited Miss Robertson last week.

Miss Laura Sheridan has accepted a position in the Illinois Institution. She will be sadly missed at the Indiana Institution, especially by "Alfaretta."

Miss Hollie Holland is taking lessons in oil painting, and may be a distinguished lady artist some of these pretty days.

"We've watched the sunlight pale and fade, And moon and stars come out on high, so bright, While gossamers born on the summer breeze, Seem as if woven in a loom of light."

MIGNONNE.

Religious Discussions at National Conventions.

Every one who was present at the last day's session of the National Convention, must have noticed the excited state of feeling which the subject of religion aroused, not only on the part of the speakers, but also on that of the audience, who frequently gave vent to their religious fervor in the clapping of hands and stamping of feet. No other subject aroused so much excitement. No sooner did one member begin to discuss the subject, than another arose to contradict him, who in turn gave way to a third, this third brought up a fourth, and so on. A little ill-feeling was the result. Fortunately for the good order of the Convention, a motion was made to lay the discussion of religion on the table, and it was passed. This action was practically the same as to kill the subject for the time being. What the result might have been if the religious discussion had not been stopped, it is not difficult to foresee. The Convention would have ended in the wildest disorder, those who had met with friendly sentiments a moment before, would have parted with the bitterest of feelings, and the purposes of the Convention would have been defeated. As it was, the Convention ended in good season, with the best of feeling among the members.

In view of all these things, would it not be a wise measure to forbid all religious discussions at future Conventions?

It is desirable that harmony should always prevail in such a national gathering of our class. To discuss religion in an assembly composed of persons of different sects, would be like throwing a fire brand into a powder magazine. Aside from its divine aspect, religion has been the cause of a great part of this world's misery, making countless thousands mourn ever since the dawn of Christianity.

But let us look at the subject from another point of view. Why should we discuss religion at all? Every man is free to act according to the dictates of his own conscience. In a matter of religion, no man has a right to enforce his religious belief upon another; he may attempt to convince the other that his own religion is the best, if he will, but he has no right to denounce, vilify, or abuse the religion of another. The matter lies between God and man alone; no other has a right to interfere. It is this sense of toleration that should always characterize the deliberations of our National Conventions; let no seeds of discord be sown among so many drawn together for the purpose of self-improvement and self-culture.

It might be a piece of wisdom to put a clause in the Constitution prohibiting the introduction or discussion of any subject of a religious nature whatever. I hope the National Executive Committee will give this matter their serious consideration when they come to draw up a Constitution.

HENRY WHITE.

United For Life.

MARRIAGE OF MR. A. B. DAVIS AND MISS LUCY M. COOK AT CINCINNATI, OHIO, AUGUST 31st, BY SUPERINTENDENT G. O. FAY—A BRILLIANT AFFAIR—THE PRESENTS, ETC.

Mr. G. O. Fay performed his 36th and last marriage ceremony on the terminal day of his Superintendency of the Ohio Institution for Deaf-Mutes, which office he has held for the past fourteen years.

The marriage took place on the evening of August 31st, a little after six o'clock, at the residence of the bride's parents, Seth Cook, Esq., 470 Baymiller street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The wedding was a private affair, only about twenty invited guests being present, and these were mostly relatives of the bride. Mr. and Mrs. R. P. McGregor, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. R. Luning, Mr. Alfred Wood, Assistant teacher in the Cin. Mute school, and the writer, were the only deaf-mutes in attendance. At the appointed time, the contracting parties, preceded by the parents and sister of the bride came into the parlor, and having taken their position, Supt. Fay stepped forward and repeated the usual marriage formalities in pantomime, at the same time interpreting them to the hearing guests present, ending with a fervent blessing upon the two just about to start out on the journey of life. Congratulations were then showered upon the pair, after which the company repaired to the dining room, where an elegant collation was served, the floral decorations of the table being exceedingly beautiful and arranged in a manner that rendered the table attractive to behold. Of the *Menu*, it is hardly necessary to go into detail, except to say that it was rich and varied, fine enough to satisfy any king and queen.

From the supper table, the company repaired to the room where the presents of the bride were on exhibition. They were numerous, and to say beautiful, is hardly expressing it strong enough. We noticed among them a heavy silver ice set, elegant silver-caster, silver spoon-holder, heavy silver fruit-basket, silver cake-basket, two sets vases, beautiful French China cup and saucer, very beautiful card receiver, lace bed set,

set of China, an antique lace cushion, a sewing machine and a check for \$—

The bride for the occasion, was dressed in a beautiful evening silk of old gold color, trimmed with Spanish lace and with the usual orange flowers. Her appearance was very lovely, and in fact, is a fine looking lady. She is a graduate of the Ohio Institution, and the past year taught in the Cincinnati Deaf-Mute School.

The groom was dressed in the conventional black, and withal, a fine appearing gentleman. He is a son of a prominent real estate and stone merchant of Sandusky, and graduated from the Institution a few years ago.

The happy couple left on the nine o'clock train, the same evening for which they will make their home.

COLUMBUS.

Convention Personalities, Called by "We, Us & Co."

We failed to see any thing of either "Sty," his plug hat, his cane, or his Co.

Carraway, of Mississippi, was disappointed in the Ohio boys. He didn't think they had so much "cheek."

Larson, of Wisconsin, was the good little boy of the period—when he was asleep.

It never "shines," but it "pours," would be an appropriate maxim for Cincinnati weather.

Wilkinson, of New York, takes his coffee without "condiments," especially when its temperature is 500 degrees Fahrenheit.

The "Lady of Lyons" was there, but didn't create a sensation.

When will Mr. Dougherty organize another Hancock Club, and mistake it for our Convention?

Will Moses Heyman and Mr. Goldman give us a description of their stay at Middletown. Some strong inducement there!!!

Mrs. "We, Us & Co." was there. Carraway and Wilkinson—"When shall we three meet again!"

An excellent service was held by Revs. Mann, Chamberlain and Job Turner, at St. Paul's.

Several of the hotels dealt out patent "shoe leather" beef steaks.

The Editors of the Letter wore a smile like a calcium light.

"We, Us & Co." received only six leap year proposals. Now, "Hieronymus," don't be jealous.

The "Tramp of the Improved Order" failed to come down with his Committee and squash out the McGregor crowd.

"Mignon" was the alluring light, round which the youngsters whirled in dizzy mazes.

Modesty forbids mentioning the names of three young gents who

Behind the Gibson House, Safely removed after, From all of earth's confusion, Smoked their first cigar.

Ah, bright their boyish fancies, Wrapped in wreaths of blue, Their eyes grew dim, their heads were light; The Gibson round them flew.

"Mignon's" new hat was so stylish she had to keep it wrapped up all the time.

Some of the boys were charged \$2.50 a day because they had nothing to do with the hotels.

"Elm" asks if "Mignon" is handsome. You may paste "For Rent" on the moon, hang the ocean to dry on a grape-vine, or skim the clouds with a tea-spoon, but we will lick into shoe-strings, without spitting on our hands or taking our coat off, the fellow who will dare maintain for one moment that Miss "Mignon" is not the handsomest young lady who ever binged her hair in the blighted village of Aurora. Don't you wish you had been at the 'vention, "Elm?"

The Cincinnati Dailies spoke well of the abilities of mutes as an afflicted class. The absurdities of the past—that they live on charity, etc., are fast vanishing away, like the dew before the morning sun; the star of intelligence has risen and is shedding a light that puts to shame all quackish incongruities and groundless superstitions. The day is not far distant when mutes will be regarded as on an equal footing with their hearing brethren, and it is hoped that intelligent beings will use, and not abuse, their God-given faculties, unrestrained by the trammels of a by-gone dogmatism that deadly foe which clogs the wheels of thought and progress, and hinders the freedom and welfare of all mankind.

WE, US & CO.

SPRINGFIELD, O., Aug. 31, '80.

Pennsylvania.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—While picnics, camp-meetings, conventions, etc., are in vogue, and every body and his wife are busy or away, there may possibly be a slight dearth in the number of the articles sent you, so I come at this opportune time with my contribution.

Almost a year has passed away since I last addressed you, and during this time I have been a constant reader of your paper. I am much pleased with its contents, especially with the articles written by Angie Fuller and "Columbus." If the latter is a novice in the art of wielding the pen, I predict for him a brilliant future.

I would say to the person who wrote me last March inferring that I was the individual who wrote for the JOURNAL under the nom de plume of "Geraldine," that I have not the honor of being that favored lady.

Why do we not hear from the Rev. Job Turner as often as formerly? Are his duties more arduous now than they were before his ordination? His writings are always interesting and instructive.

One of your correspondents, Mr. N. J. Ellis, of Catawissa, Pa., spent a

week with us this season. He is a good man, and I wonder that he is not more extensively known among the gentle sex. Being a first-class tailor, he is necessarily an expert with the needle, and often helps to dispatch those "stitches in time which save nine;" besides he delights in making himself generally useful,—helping to wash the dishes, shell peas, peel apples, etc., while in the decapitation of souls, he is a prodigy. We attended a camp-meeting, and Mr. Ellis talked by signs to a large audience. Much feeling was manifested, and many tears were shed. He is a well-read man, having a good command of language, and he makes signs gracefully.

I am sorry that we could not make it convenient to attend the National Convention; however, I trust we shall have it delineated in all its phases by your various correspondents who were present.

Some time ago, Mr. Alex. Arnold made us a visit. He speaks fluently in the sign-language.

Mr. Thomas Colley, a former pupil of the Pennsylvania Institution, also came to see us not long since. He resides at Dushore, Pa., and is, I believe, a good carpenter.

Allow me to ask, Mr. Editor, what has become of "Bub"? I hope he will not cease to favor the JOURNAL with an occasional article.

JULIA HOUCK.

BERWICK, Pa., August 31, 1880.

Maryland.

Hot weather here. Corn crop very excellent, and will be ready to cut in the course of a few weeks.

Every farmer is busy breaking up his ground, and preparing to sow wheat very soon.

In Mr. Kerney's last letter to the JOURNAL he mentioned Dr. E. M. Galland as Superintendent of the Baltimore Institution for the Blind. Allow me to correct his little mistake. Dr. G. is not, although he was, Superintendent once. Mr. F. D. Morrison is Superintendent of it.

We fully agree with Mr. Kerney in what he said about the admission of mute ladies to our college instead of mute Negroes. There should be a college for our silent sisters, as there are a few intelligent young ladies at the Maryland School for the Deaf and Dumb, who would like very much to obtain a collegiate education. Let all of the mute gentlemen who wish to show their respect or warmest love for the mute ladies—who are really anxious to be educated in a college—write, and make every effort to have one established for them.

Our college will open in three weeks, and then we will be kept poring over our books every day.

The Maryland School will welcome its pupils on the 8th ult., and it is estimated that there may be about twenty new pupils. This school has been very prosperous, though it is only eleven years old.

Death.
—
COMPOSED BY E. G.
When death is coming near,
And thy heart shrinks in fear,
And thy limbs fail,
Then raise thy hands and pray
To Him who smooths the way
Through the dark vale.
Seest thou the eastern dawn;
Hearst thou, in the red morn,
The angel's song?
Oh! lift thy drooping head,
Thou, who in gloom and dread,
Hast lain so long.
Death comes to set you free,
Oh! meet him cheerily,
As thy true friend;
And all thy fears shall cease
And in eternal peace,
Thy penance end.
ATLANTA, Ga., August, 1880.

Dead-Mute Items.
The undersigned, a new correspondent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, raises his hat and bows to the "home circle" of correspondents already on the list, among whom are some of the fair sex. He hopes to get better acquainted with them as time goes on. He also hopes that the D. M. J. will be more lively, readable and interesting by contributions from their excellent pens. Those young lady scribes seem to make it lively for the sterner sex. Look out ye, privileged students of the college, who boast of a collegiate education, for the fair ones may make it too hot for you, who have been denied admittance into your school. They may yet show you their equals, if not superiors in attainments, with or without any of the dead languages.
I have just subscribed for the JOURNAL, and I am much pleased with it. I find a pretty large circle of correspondents for the same, and hope they will continue with it during its lifetime. It seems to me that they constitute a happy "home circle," and the space devoted to their articles, I imagine, should be called the "Home Circle" column.
Mr. Ed. Martin, of Molino, Miss., who had been spending a few weeks over in "Arkansas" visiting relatives, returned home recently. We haven't talked with "Eddy" yet, but fear that he and the Indians over on the border didn't get along well.
Man is not the only animal that is fond of beef. A large sow, a few days ago, concluded that she would not wait for her carcass to be roasted, but picked up about fifteen pounds of beef and moved off, followed by men and dogs. She was finally cornered and forced to surrender. The hog and beef happened to belong to the same man, so no harm was done, unless the butcher who tried to stand on his head in a pile of brick bats, got his proboscis skinned.
There has been much complaint of the condition of the cotton crop in this, Tippah Co., Miss. In many places it has been reported as absolutely dying, in others as shedding fearfully. It has been very dry and hot for some time past, which is probably the cause, to some extent, of this unhealthy condition. Some farmers report their crops as ruined already. Joe Rogers, the mute, has ten acres in cotton and says it is safe and in good condition. In this case, he may make money on the crop. Besides this, he has a large patch of watermelons. We have had all we could devour in his patch, and enjoyed ourselves immensely.
Mr. Charles Cox, of Philadelphia, who has been with me for several months, has gone on horseback down to Egypt, Miss., to visit that beautiful mute lady, Miss King, who resides there. He will be back in time to work with me in a cotton gin, as I am owner of half of the interest in it. I will soon own a beautiful tract of one hundred and sixty acres near our gin, in full sight of the narrow gauge railroad, running to Ripley, Miss. It is about sixty miles from here to Egypt. It is a good ride for Mr. Cox down there and back.
Mr. Oppenheimer, the mute artist and photographer, who has traveled from the Ohio River to the Gulf of Mexico with his tent, taking pictures and selling chromos, has pitched his tent in Bolivar, Tenn. for a while. On our visit there some time ago, he was down in the Hickory Valley, about twelve miles south of Bolivar, so we didn't get a chat with the old gentleman. He has been in Kentucky, Tennessee, Texas, Missouri, Arkansas and Alabama, taking pictures of the country lads and lasses, and of course coining money. He is well-known to many mutes, some of whom may be readers of the JOURNAL, and who have not heard of him for years. He tried some cotton speculation down in Texas some time ago. Whether he made it pay or failed, we do not know.
There resides a deaf-mute lady near Middletown, Tenn., about sixty years old. She never attended school in her life. She is ignorant of the rudiments of education, cannot read nor write, and yet they say she is the best tailoress in the county. She lived in town once, and cut out and made some of the finest clothing the young people ever wore. When they wanted a fine suit made they always went to her for their measure. What a pity it is she has no education and never married. They say she is the happiest woman, with lots of money and never thinks of matrimony, as many of our educated and better class of mute ladies do to this day. She lived in the time of slavery and had plenty, with loving parents, and passed through the horrors of war and like thousands of others, losing all, causing her to resort to her needle for her living. She has a home now with a relative in the country.
Mr. Clarke, a semi-mute, who can

talk as well as any of his hearing brothers almost, stepped timidly into a Galveston, Tex., book store, in the windows of which hung the large lithographic pictures of Gen. Garfield and Gen. Hancock. He said to the book-seller that he would like to see a picture of Gen. Weaver. He told the seller to write out his answers on paper, as he could not hear.
"Of whom?" wrote the clerk.
"Of Weaver, candidate for President of our party," spoke the mute.
"Of what party for President?"
"Why, the Greenback party."
"For President of what?"
"Of the United States."
"What, United States?"
"Of the United States, of course."
"These 'aint the United States of America,"
"Well, I want his picture," replied the mute.
"Whose picture," asked the clerk.
"Gen. Weaver's picture."
"Who in the name of Dennis Kearney, is Gen. Beaver? There is no such man in Galveston."
"I didn't say Gen. Beaver, I said Gen. Weaver."
The clerk thinking the man an imposter, or some sort, wrote down hastily in a nervous hand.
"You are drunk, and I want you to quit talking that way, and calling me a liar in this store. There are ladies in here, and if you don't go out quietly, I'll whistle for a policeman, and can't come in here and insult and brow-beat me with impunity. So leave this store."
"That's all right, young man," spoke the mute Greenbacker, moving towards the door, shaking his finger at the clerk. "When President Weaver is giving out post offices to his friends and you want somebody who will sign your petition for office, just remember me and let me know it."
Deaf-Mute tramps had better learn a lesson from Dr. Tanner's forty days' fast. It was not destitute of good results. The tramps declare it has ruined their business, as the old story of having "nothing to eat for three days," fails to elicit as much sympathy as it formerly did. The appeal now to be effective to gain some grub, must embrace fifteen or twenty days. How does this suit you, mute tramps?
More anon.
JUDGE DECOURSEY.

The New Catholic Society of New York City.
Last Sunday afternoon, September 5th, over 25 deaf-mutes of both sexes assembled at the hall of St. Francis Xavier's College, West 15th Street, between 5th and 6th Avenues, for the purpose of organizing a society. The object of this society is to promote the spiritual welfare of that class of mutes, the maintenance of a library, and to aid such mutes as belong to the Church, and, perhaps if necessary, to pay the funeral expenses of such mutes as have been members up to the time of their death, to give debates, and such other things pertaining to societies in general.
The meeting was called to order by Mr. James McNally, who stated the object of the Society, and with a few well chosen remarks, introduced Mr. Thomas F. Fox, who had prepared the Constitution and By-Laws, and who read them to the Society. The reading occupied about an hour and a half, and as they did not meet with general approval, a committee of five were appointed to look over them and make additions, or to reject such as they think best. The managers of the New York Catholic Protectory have offered to print as many copies as they want, free of cost.
After the reading of the above, the business of electing the officers was brought forward. There was some trouble as to which would be the best method. Mr. Fox moved that a Committee of Five be appointed to select the officers; but Mr. Jas. Russell objected, and said he thought the best method would be to let the members each choose for him or herself, and the person who got the majority of the votes cast, to be elected. Just before the voting began, Messrs. Fox, O'Brien and Donnelly, said they could not hold any office, as the former is a student at the National Deaf-Mute College, and the two latter are pupils at the New York Institution, and if they were elected they could not fill the office.
The officers elected are as follows:
JAS. McNALLY, President.
JAS. RUSSELL, 1st Vice-President.
THOS. HOLLAND, 2d Vice-President.
JOHN HOGAN, Corresponding Sec'y.
W. G. POWELL, Financial Sec'y.
T. F. DUNNELL, Recording Sec'y.
JAS. O'NEIL, Treasurer.
The above seven officers, with a Committee of Five, have charge of all the affairs of the Society, such as picnics, balls, theatricals, etc. It is proposed to hold one of the latter sometime in December.
The names of the Committee are as follows:—
John O'Brien, Jr., J. F. Donnelly, Frank Klingensman, T. W. Brown, J. P. Donohue.
After this a collection was taken up, when it was found that the amount collected at the last meeting had not been enough to defray the expenses of Mr. T. F. Fox, who had been the delegate sent by this Society to the National Convention, and who had spent some of his own money when he found he did not have enough. Quite a handsome sum was collected in a few minutes, and it was found that there was some cash left over when Mr. Fox had been set right,

which was handed to the newly elected treasurer.
The President then took the floor and called the meeting to order, and said he would perform his duties to the best of his ability. The other officers then were congratulated, and the meeting adjourned to meet every Wednesday, or such other day as may be named by the Committee of Five.
It might not be out of the way to mention here that the Society has leave from the Faculty of the College to use the large college hall, capable of seating about 3000 persons, or one of the small halls in which 50 persons could be comfortably accommodated. It is proposed to use the large hall during the Summer, and one of the small halls during the Winter. The entrance to the hall is on 15th Street, a few doors east of 6th Avenue.
Among those present we noticed "Lester Montrose," "Archimedes" and a few others, who took great interest in the proceedings.
Okojimbo and Gege.
On Sunday, of our stay in Washington, we called on I. N. Hammer, who is at present employed by Prof. A. G. Bell in scientific researches. We found him occupying a house on L. St., in which is his office, and living all alone.
In the office we met an ex-Editor of the *Silent World*, a recent graduate of the National College, three Seniors, a Soph., two Fresh., and a little Prep. Matters were discussed, and new items brought forth. One item in particular will interest many of your readers. It is generally known that there are now two Seniors and two Freshmen employed in the Census office where they have free access to everybody's age within Uncle Sam's dominion. These four students, if report be true, are making out a list of all the mute "female men" with their ages annexed, and this list will be placed in the hands of the President of the Secret Society of the National Deaf-Mute College. Any member of the said Society, who wishes or may wish to obtain the age of a fair one, can do so by dropping a note to the President. But the list is to be used only by the members (honorary and active) of the Society. Many other new additions have been made to this Society, and we doubt not all who come to college this fall will come with the full intention of becoming a member.
One of the students related that, during the last vacation, he and his chum took a young man, hearing, and passed him off on two of the Washington ladies as a deaf-mute. They first made him swear that he would give a true report of the sayings of the ladies. After leaving, his report was such that the two students now go back with abundant assurance that they are all right in the estimation of the ladies. But alas for the young man! He had to endure the roughest ridicule he has heard for many days. One remarked to the other that he had no sense. The other replied by speaking of the peculiar shape of his nose (turned-up, perhaps.) Then they laugh at the fuz on his upper lip and wonder if he called it a moustache. His feet were too big and his legs too long, he was clumsy and had other imperfections. This young man is handsome, but has never received a gymnastic training. He would make a very ideal for Miss Fuller, and if she says so, we will ship him West, C. O. D.
A while before sun down, we took a walk with one of the Freshmen, and went to the Capitol. There, in the cool shade, we took our seat to watch the ladies promenade. Presently four sweet sixteen's passed us, and recognizing us, gave a smile of welcome which we returned with a salute, and then continued our conversation, for we were relating to the Freshman incidents connected with our trip. When we saluted the fair ones we noticed a gentleman of about 45 years of age, behind them; but paid no attention to him. Presently we again cast our eyes in the direction the young ladies had taken, when we beheld that old gentleman in about fifteen feet of us talking like a rattle-trap, with his face flushed as red as a beet, and his hands waving like a patient fly brush. Yes, he was talking to us. The young ladies had stopped and were titting in the distance, while all within hearing distance were running over to see the fun. We were amazed and knew not what to do. So we sat quietly till the old fellow had vented his spleen, and walked away, apparently feeling better. We then asked a young gent what was the matter with that excited lunatic. He replied that the old fellow was "giving us fits," saying that there was not a spark of manhood in us; that such foolish gestures were enough to insult these young ladies, and that we ought to be indicted for winking, grinning and twisting our mouths in such ridiculous ways in public, when young innocent girls promenade.
Mr. Kerney's letter in a recent issue of the JOURNAL, is the most silly thing that has yet been published. He says that the mutes in Washington "got angry at one another," because he did not keep the promise, he made "Douglas. Really, such a sentence as that is too absurd to notice. He says he has been paid \$100 for the pictures "Douglas photographed, and the article Prof. H.— wrote for him. Ought he not to divide that \$100? Now I will tell you plainly, Charles, no one here is angry except the one who has been dealt with unjustly. I refer to Mr. Douglas, and he is not "angry with one another," but with you, and he has a small piece of thunder laid up for

you, which he will deliver, on your return.
What has become of "Minnehaha"? She was like a meteor—she burst forth, dazzled us for a while, and then disappeared. We wish she would take up her pen again; for she never began her letters with such generally known facts, "It is hot," "Streets are dusty," "Sun shines brightly," etc., but all of what she wrote was worth reading.
Okojimbo & Gege.
The M. L. A. Delegates.
DEAR EDITOR:—Your correspondent, in writing about the election of delegates to the Cincinnati Convention, had the audacity to assert that wire-pulling, buttonholing and causing were practiced, in order to elect candidates. The charge is absolutely false, as there were no regular candidates put up, each member being allowed to vote for whom he pleased. The only approach to wire-pulling, etc., was in asking members to unite on this or that particular name. There is also no truth in the statement that remarks were indulged in about the shabbiness of one of the aspirants' clothes. There might have been one or two individual opinions formed about it, but the result of the balloting was not affected by it. Evidently your correspondent was one of those who had built high hopes of being one of the representatives of the Association, but which were scattered to the four winds, and to appease his mind he took this method of explaining how he came to be defeated.

A Nice Batch of News.
It is always pleasant to have plenty of news on hand when you want to write a letter. I am very glad to say that I have plenty on hand wherewith to regale our "dear" readers, and in consequence, I feel gay.
Firstly, I must tell you the most interesting thing I have heard since the time I read "Mother Goose." It is that Mr. and Mrs. Clarence A. Corey, of San Francisco, contemplate migrating to Central Africa, where they intend raising pork and beans, and spring chickens. As they are likely to succeed at the business, I do hope they will hasten their departure as quickly as possible, as the time has come to plant the pork and beans.
I am afraid I am letting out a very nice secret in telling the following, but duty is imperative, so I will tell it. Mr. "Doughnuts," a gentleman of great blandness and intelligence, a liberal distributor of "taffy," and a sort of a kind of a rather a—(I can't find any masculine term for it, so I'll use the feminine gender), coquette, as it were, has at last surrendered his heart, (three cheers) to the "Belle of San Francisco," and the wedding takes place on the 31st of next February, so I am informed. There will be a wedding breakfast of ham and eggs, green peas, cucumbers and mush and milk, with plenty of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. I hope to be at the feast. By the way, speaking of Mr. Doughnuts reminds me, to my intense disgust, that the first letter I wrote you, in which I slightly misrepresented him, has aroused his just ire, and I am warned to fight shy of him. He has purchased, amongst other fancy articles for my benefit, a tooth-pick, two bowie-knives, a navy revolver, a mountain howitzer, some hatchets, and, (excuse these weeps), a coffin. As I did not mean any thing, I take it all back. That is as much as I can do. "Let us have peace."
I wish to contradict a report that has circulated in San Francisco concerning James C. Harlan. It is utterly false, and is altogether a horrid whopper. He never tried to kiss a "Nigger" lady, aged 150, last month. It was a young lady, aged sweet sixteen, handsome, and no "Nigger" at all. Now don't you go and circulate rumors, any more, or you'll get squeezed somewhere. Do you hear?
Mr. Sandcock, a nice old gentleman, (mute), hid all his hair pulled out by the roots lately. It happened thusly. Thomas, (his first name), was making eyes at two fair damsels at once. Both of them accepted him, and then they met, exchanged secrets and Thomas was found out. When he called to see fair one No. 1, she grabbed his hair and pulled half of it out by the roots. Thomas then went home, put on a clean shirt, washed his face and went to see the other girl. This girl finished the pulling, and now Thomas is an old, bald-headed lunatic. Thomas was very indignant to call on the second girl after the warning he had. But some folks are like mules, so set in their way. I understand that Thomas hates girls now. I am sure I don't blame Thomas.
Miss Eva Harrison, a young lady from the Ohio Institute, now residing in Alameda Co., is quite an interesting person. There are three young men, (all hearing), "gone" on her, yet she is as hard-hearted toward them as a rock. She will yet become the wife of one of these poor young chaps, if the rainy season doesn't set in before October. She only needs something to dampen her spirits, in order to render her careless of committing matrimony.
Miss Maggie Lucas, formerly connected with our Institution, has taken French leave of us and flown to Washington Territory, in search of her "ideal." She is a constant novel-reader, and has high-strung notions of a hubby's duty and requirements. As she has gone to a Territory, I guess she will get an Injun Chief, for that is the popular article in such a place. Still, if she were to paint, it would be rough on the Chief, for she

turns the scales at 285 pounds, or less, probably less." "Happy be thy dreams, Maggie darlint."
This letter will hardly be on its way to you, before I will be drowning myself in the breakers" at gay old Santa Cruz. If I am not drowned, as punishment for this letter, I will be truly amazed and thankful.
Dear "Mignon," you're a dumper, and so you are. Let's hear from you soon, again.
Now, old "Mephisto," "chip in!" Follow my example, and don't be stingy in distributing "taffy." We like it, even if we do know it is only half true. Now, don't you forget!
ELM.
OAKLAND, CAL., Aug. 22, '80.
["We are not sure whether this word is breakers or breakers.—Ed.]
The College Gymnasium.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—Of late several letters have appeared in the JOURNAL relating to the subject of admitting "sexes both" to the college. Most of these communications have been written by foolish "deaf and dumb girls," and have been the source of much amusement among the students. But in the last number of the JOURNAL appeared the most ridiculous, absurd and the most amusing article we have yet seen touching this subject. The author, "lower prep," blows his horn to the extent of two columns in a mighty endeavor to show what a smart fellow he is, and to set forth the whys and wherefores the "female men" should be admitted to college. His arguments are profound. They are mighty. They are deep and convincing and he must be right, for he obtains his authority for statements from a Washington Guide Book, and whoever saw a guide book that did not contain solid facts? Because said book says the college is for "sexes both," and does not say it is for negroes, he would not say the latter and put the former in his place. In order to prove that they are as capable of receiving a college education as the negro, he holds up Miss Fuller and "Mignon" as examples, and declares the former is the great lady writer of America. Then after informing the public that "Mignon" is eighteen years old (glad to know her age) he proceeds to say that she is the wittyest writer in the JOURNAL. We presume he was acting in accordance with instruction. Anyhow we are delighted to hear that "Mignon" is witty. Mr. Kerney's article from beginning to end is nothing more nor less than an argument to show not how the ladies could benefit themselves by coming to college, but how they could improve the college and the male students. Now we had always supposed that the ladies wished to come to college for their own good. But "lower prep" seems to hold different views. He seems to think Charles Kerney of the first importance, "our college" next, and "our unfortunate sisters last." To show that our theory is correct, we would call the attention of the readers of the JOURNAL to the six ways pointed out by him in which the "female men" could benefit the college.
Like Miss Fuller, he seems to regard the student as something akin to wild beasts, or fierce outlaws, and like her, he would have the ladies come and tame them.
If, as he says, the college is such a dangerous gift without "female men" we would advise him, and all others holding like views, to stay away.
In closing our remarks, we cannot refrain from saying a few words concerning Miss Fuller's recent letter. She tears her hair and raises her voice in great lamentations, because congress has seen fit to appropriate a few thousand dollars for the erection of a much needed gymnasium instead of a college for "deaf and dumb girls." She seems to think that the government of the college is in the hands of the students, and states she intended to appeal to their generosity, but finds she is too late—assumes a tragic air and exclaims "the die is cast." She then proceeds to show what a beautiful character she has by abusing the boys most unmercifully, calling them selfish, ungrateful etc., when the fact is they had nothing to do with it at all and were not to blame, though to be sure, they favored a gymnasium, rather than have poor deaf-mute girls come tramping to college to raise trouble. And they were right too. Most emphatically we do not want our college mixed with "sexes both."
CAPTAIN JACK, JR.
ST. LOUIS, MO., Aug. 29, '80.
Deaf-Mute killed by Lightning.
In a family of seven or eight children, six of them were deaf and dumb. They lived on a farm several miles from town, and usually rented other land besides their own of neighbors.
On this occasion, the oldest mute son was plowing in a field about a mile from home. He was nearly done, and would have the field finished that evening. In the afternoon, while he was still at work, a dark cloud could be seen creeping along the western horizon; seemingly to bring along with it a glorious rain. It began to rain a little, but the mute, thinking it would only be a shower of short duration, still kept at his work.
In front of him was his gentle horse, and behind him followed his pet dog. Suddenly a terrible flash of lightning passed along the western sky, in such rapidity and brilliancy that it was blinding, and he knew no more.
During this time, the greatest anxiety prevailed among his mother, sisters

and brothers at home, for his safety, and they were in expectation of his return every minute, despite the drenching rain, but as night rapidly approached, and he did not put in an appearance, they gave up worrying, thinking he had taken shelter under some friendly neighbors' roof.
The next morning dawned bright and clear, but still the brother had not put in an appearance. Becoming alarmed they called in some of the neighbors, but they were unable to give any information concerning his whereabouts. They then set out to inquire at other neighbors' houses, but with a like result, no one had seen him. Then turning in the direction of the plowed field, what was their horror, to find the man, horse and dog lying dead in the same furrow. Only a scratch was perceptible about him, and on taking out his watch, they found it had stopped at a quarter to four, which was the time he was struck.
It is supposed that the lightning struck the horse first, then passed along the chains and rein to his hand, which was scorched, then out behind to the dog.
It is needless to say what sorrow and unutterable grief reigned in the family for days, for their beloved son and brother. He was buried with all the affection dear relatives could give, and his terrible death can never be erased from their memory.
JUDGE DECOURSEY.
Reply to Miss Fuller and to Mr. Dougherty.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—The two most interesting articles that appeared in your popular paper of August 19th, were, one produced by the much used pen of Miss Angie Fuller, and the other, by the famous gold pen of Mr. George T. Dougherty. Both were read with equal interest and care, and the tone of each was superb.
We are, however, sorry to say that Miss Fuller's opinions in relation to the gymnasium do not meet our approval, of course, not without good reasons. We'll not trespass upon your space by using many-sided arguments in proving the usefulness and necessity of athletic exercises; but can only say that we agree with what you said upon the subject. Let us wait and see what good will come out of the plan laid by those miserable "wise-saws," at the college. Of course, Miss Fuller need not think that college boys have to take exercise under the "Lycurgan" system. She may rest assured that the well-stored "heads" of the college, use their judgment with remarkable wisdom.
We might here stop and turn to some other subject; but as it is, we can not overlook the writer's attack made on the character of the students, and therefore we have to reply to it. Miss Fuller was rather rash in accusing the students of being selfish, and shutting their eyes against the desire of their silent sisters for higher intellectual advantages; which, far from being provable, indicates her ignorance of the feelings the students retain towards the ladies. We state positively, that we know well about the college *chivaliers*, from practical test. We are ready to deny the assertion that the boys ignore the human rights of the ladies, and yet tell, in strict regard to truth, that they always respect and try to guard them, as may be attested by the following facts. It is to be remembered that there appeared in the JOURNAL three well written articles relative to the establishing of a "College for Deaf-Mute Ladies" last year. Well, two of them were (we affirm) written by students themselves. We do not deem it advisable to mention their names here. If Miss Fuller read the productions, why should she so accuse the innocent boys as she has done? We wonder whether she did not appreciate the brilliant efforts used by those boys in the way of argument.
Indeed, the boys have long stood in need of gymnastic exercises, and now their wish has been supplied. Miss Fuller may seize upon this as the fact that the boys have ignored the claims of the ladies to higher intellectual advantages; but we assure her that they have often expressed a sincere desire for the establishing of the college for their afflicted sisters than for the gymnasium. We expect that the truth of this will be testified to by the assertions of the students, and yet the Demosthenian arguments used by the students, seem to have proved fruitless. They have often argued with the President upon the subject, and he is said to have told them that if their silent sisters wished a higher and more finished education, the best thing to do would be to establish a Seminary for themselves. We well know that whenever the President has once taken to anything, he is not likely to abandon it, or change his mind when he has made a resolution. Observing this fact (one of the facts which are stubborn), what good can you, Miss Fuller, see in persuading the firm gentleman to change the plan? We sincerely hope that Miss Fuller will judge better hereafter.
With this reply, our aim is accomplished to our satisfaction, and we might lay down our golden pen, happy to escape the tedious task of prolonging our writing, but the fact that the young political writer has commented on the Republican party rather ridiculously, compels us, against our will, to rise and defend our own side. We do not think it out of place to reply to Mr. Dougherty, since he did not signify his intention to rise and open a political campaign, as might be supposed from the fact that he ridiculed the opposite party. We are glad,

however, to see that the writer has ventured so far as to demand of the liberality of the Legislature of so populous a State as Missouri, in the way of appropriations for the support of the Institution for its "children of silence," and also that he has surprised the "Solons" by his voice, that deaf-mutes are able to handle anything in politics as well as in education.
In order to reply to Mr. D. we shall write, briefly, for the sake of your space, by picking the most important points. Mr. D. seems to have come to the conclusion that the Republican ticket will meet with a bad fate, on account of Gen. Garfield's relations with the Credit Mobilier Scandal and the DeGolyer contract business. His conclusion for this result is based solely upon the above records. Well, we have no fear about this, owing to the lack of the authenticity of the reports of the above, which have been given in the Democratic organs. The Democrats have been working hard to prove themselves worthy "truth-seekers;" but ah! failure goes with them, who still refuses to acknowledge it! Gen. Garfield has been declared, by the proper authorities, innocent, and we are quite satisfied.
The language of party warfare is naturally apt to fly to violent exaggerations for the sole purpose of making strong impressions; thus ignoring the language of reason and common sense, as in the case of the Democratic exaggerations upon the things to which Mr. D. ascribes the future fate of the Republican ticket. We believe in politics as well as in anything else, that "honesty is the best policy," and we leave it to the judgment of our political friends as well as enemies, to conclude whether this has been the rule observed by the Democratic organs.
The three most prominent mutes of Chicago, who are Republicans, intend to support the democratic ticket, on (as Mr. D. expressed it) the *sole ground* that the Republican ticket is composed of absurd (!) inconsistencies! Is this ground a praiseworthy one? How could it be that men of such high intellect and high moral character as Gen. Garfield and others, should swallow such absurd traits of character as *inconsistencies*? I suppose the mutes mentioned above, are not true to the Republican cause.
The Republican party deserves great credit for the part it has taken in promoting the prosperity and welfare of the Nation, during its ascendancy of twenty years. If the Republican ticket is blessed with victory in November, these blessings will still be maintained.
Assuredly, we do not attempt to deprecate the character of Gen. Hancock, and the valuable service he has rendered to the country. We indeed, praise the Democratic party for naming such a noble man as Gen. Hancock for its candidate.
As a soldier, he has manifested signal courage and skill in the handling of troops under difficult circumstances. We would ask that all fair minded politicians, both Democrats and Republicans, not blinded by partisan prejudice (and also Mr. Dougherty, who, we hope, is not a narrow-minded Democrat), whether Gen. Hancock is just the kind of a President the Nation needs—a President who can be depended upon with success and safety to solve the complicated problems of statesmanship which are now before us; whether he is as familiar as Gen. Garfield with the complex interests which he would have to serve in "official station," and whether he would be sharp enough to penetrate, restrain and baffle the wiles of political interguers and the conflict of factions among the friends which surround the Chief Magistrate of a great government. We find in Gen. Garfield a teacher, a statesman and a leader in a great movement, with 'principles' as firmly grounded in his great 'mind' as his conscience. We have not the least doubt as to whether he will still uphold these principles, if he is elected.
In order to avoid prolonging our writing, we declare, with national pride, that General James A. Garfield is a fine specimen of American character.
REPUBLICAN.
Aug 24, 1880.
THE ELECTROPHONE.
THE LATEST DISCOVERY IN ELECTRIC SCIENCE.
A TELEPHONE FOR THE DEAF.
LIGHT, SIMPLE & DURABLE.
No battery, no chemicals, nothing to break or get out of order.
It displaces every form of Ear Trumpet.
It displaces all mechanical contrivances.
Because it is more effective.
" " " " " convenient.
" " it neither wears nor breaks.
" " it conveys sound by electricity, the most subtle of all forces.
Because it improves instead of injuring a diseased ear.
Because it is the latest and most perfect invention of its kind.
Because it is worth the money.
Send for circular.
ADDRESS: New York Electrophone Co. Station M, New York City.